

THAT GIRL I USED TO KNOW.

When in a reverie serene
I stray with willing feet
To the time when I was young and green
And mighty in conceit.
There comes to me a memory
Of the days of long ago.
And the pretty, sun-browned face I see
Of that girl I used to know.

We "went together" moons and moons;
Together we roved and strolled;
Together we spent our afternoons
And romanced in moonlight cold.
Till all the town had set it down
On the cards as a certain "go"
Between myself and that maiden brown—
That girl I used to know.

There are surprises in the years.
That girl and I, apart,
Forgot each other without tears
Or damage of the heart.
I met her once—the other day—
With another girl in tow.
"My daughter, sir," I heard her say—
That girl I used to know!

And so I wonder, as I see
Those pleasant yesterdays,
If yet it may not come to be,
In time's uncertain ways,
That I may learn to fall in love
As in the long ago.
But this time with the daughter of
That girl I used to know!

—Chicago News Record.

KALA KILLS SHARKS.

A Sandwich Islander's Dexterity with His Knife.

He Leaps Over the Flying Cloud's Rail When the Captain's Son Is in Danger, and Dispatches Two Tigers of the Deep.



GROUP of natives bade them beware of sharks. The warning was prompted by the recollection, still vivid in their minds, of the horrible death of two of their comrades the day before—by these ravenous monsters.

The sailors passed on with a savage imprecation on these terrors of the sea.

Next morning their ship, the Flying Cloud, pulled out of the Guatemalan harbor for Portland, Ore. A stiff breeze wafted them along. Away from their stern dropped the shores of the tropics. The broad bosom of the glimmering Pacific spread out to the encircling horizons. They passed a lone boat which was going to the mainland from one of the islands. A ship, faintly visible on the horizon, moved in the hazy air with all sails spread. Everything betokened a safe trip.

The second day following the wind died out in a dead calm. In the still air the sails hung idly. The tropic sun began in the early morning to beat down on the lone vessel, and as it approached the zenith its heat became well-nigh intolerable. The vessel's deck was so hot that even the cook had to sandal his feet to endure walking on the ship's side.

The crew, having early put everything in shape, busied themselves with keeping cool as possible. It was like an oven on deck, and it was hardly much better in the fore-cabin below.

In the middle of the afternoon it was discovered that one of the planks on the port bow near the water line was badly warped, and the pitching from the expanding seams had permitted the calling to budge out. It was at a point where the boat had struck a floating piece of wreckage on the down trip one night and the abrasion had been only temporarily repaired.

This extraordinary calm might be the precursor of a heavy gale and it would not be safe to allow it to remain in that condition. A man was lowered to the fracture and began the work of repair. He had nearly completed the job. Pushing himself off from the bow to get a wider view of his work he suddenly gave vent to an awful howl. His legs had been dangling in the water and a shark springing up had seized one of them and snapped it off at the knee. He lost his balance and slipped out of his seat, but managed still to cling to his rope, which slid through his hand until it reached the end of the loop. A couple of mates sprang to the gunwale, but before they got him half out of the water another shark made a leap for him. Seizing him it tore him away from his support and pulled him down.

The water was transparent. The horrified sailors, leaning over the rails, could see plainly their comrade's frightful struggles. But it was worse than useless to attempt a rescue. Even if they had the means to fight and beat off the monster, they could not hope to move with the shark's swiftness of descent. A red film came like eddying mist up from the depths and spread out on the surface, yet heaving with the turmoil of the awful struggle, and flecked here and there with bubbles, carnation-hued, sickening evidences of the last gasps of their mate

far beneath. A dense gloom settled on the spirit of all the crew.

The sun, flaming red, sank beneath the glassy sea, which was dyed with its own sanguinary hue. Night's cooling airs came as a grateful relief to the suffocating intensity of the day. But the blue firmament, pierced by the glittering points of numberless stars, brooded over the vessel and stirred in the hearts of the silent sailors superstitious premonitions.

The following day they were able to make some progress. Sighting a ship they slowly approached. A dead calm fell again. Hailing the new vessel the captain, after awhile, lowered a boat and paid it a visit. Returning he brought two Kanakas, natives of the Sandwich Islands, aboard. They wished to visit Portland, and were glad to get this opportunity of going straight there, instead of cruising in the other ship still further south, prolonging their trip more than a month.

They brought aboard with them one of their native canoes. One of these men was a remarkably fine looking fellow. Considerably above the middle height, he had broad shoulders, a deep chest, and arms with great bunches of muscle on them. He was lithe and agile in his movements. A bright, genial expression always played on his face. He soon became popular on the boat. A breeze swelled the sails soon afterward and the ship began again to slowly glide on its way.

But at the close of the day the wind died away again into a stillness hush. It was not quite so hot as it had been. There was more animation on the decks that night. Kala, the larger of the Kanakas, regaled the crew with several songs, which were lustily cheered. This started one or two of the crew with old-time ballads, and before the first watch was relieved quite a different humor pervaded the ship than had been prevalent for the preceding forty-eight hours. The blazing sun, round and brassy, appeared the next morning revealing not the faintest sign of a favorable wind. The Flying Cloud rocked lazily on the long glassy swell which reach far into either quarter and came indolently swaying onward.

The captain's son, a little boy and a universal favorite, had taken a boyish liking to the powerful Kanaka, which flattered the big fellow immensely. The two had been together a good deal that forenoon. Kala explaining to the boy's curious eyes various strange devices common to the Sandwich Islands. Kala could talk English with a slight brogue. So they—the one a huge bronze-complexioned, ebony-eyed giant of the sea, the other a fair-cheeked, blue-eyed, sunny-haired child of the mountains—got on famously together. Another day went on without a breach. The boy had been in the cabin taking an afternoon nap. Coming on deck he wandered to the rail and looked over. The eddying currents, which slowly pirouetted about the ship's bow and swung abeam, caught his eyes. He looked, and jumped up and down, giving vent to merry exclamations of delight as the bubbles flourished and the circles swung.

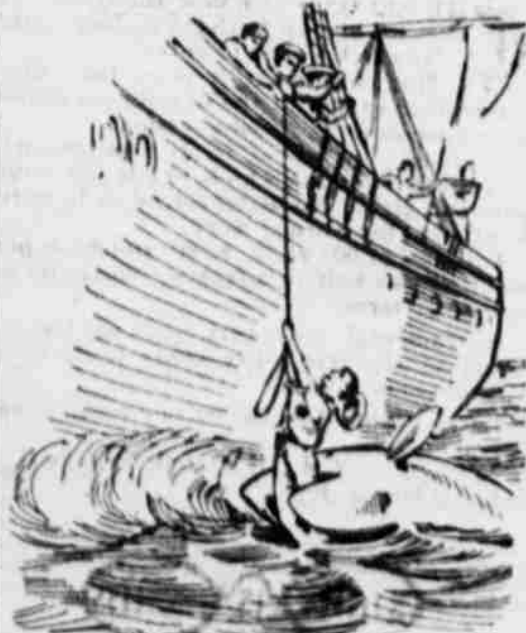
A strange object caught his eye. It swerved close in to the ship's side. To see better he clambered to the top of the rail and looked over. Not finding it at the first glance he stretched out a little further, when an unusual swell of the ocean gave the vessel a lurch. The little fellow lost his balance and was precipitated into the water. A cry of fear broke from his lips before he struck. Instantly the watch in the main-top gave the alarm:

"Child overboard! The captain's boy, overboard!"

Immediately following this the appalling cry rang out:

"A shark! A shark!"

There was a rush to the boat's side. A sailor sprang over for the boy, who



ANOTHER SHARK SEIZED HIM.

had already sunk. Exclamations of terror broke from half a dozen lips as they beheld several rods away a huge shark approaching, his ugly dorsal fin cutting the surface.

The cry aroused the powerful Kanaka from a doze into which he had fallen aback, and, bounding across the deck in great leaps, he called sharply to his comrade in his own language. Only an instant he stood on the rail. A glance showed him the position of the shark and that of the boy. A knife gleamed in his teeth. A short stick sharpened at both ends was held firmly in the left hand. On came the shark.

"Get the boy. Me get shark!" he shouted to the men making ready to lower a boat.

His midnight eyes fairly blazed with fury. Far out from the ship's stern he leaped toward the advancing shark. His comrades had, in less time than it takes to tell it, lowered their canoes, fastened the rope to a belaying-pin, slid down, cut the rope loose, and paddled swiftly toward Kala.

As Kala merged from the depths he shot up half way out of the water, his glance instantly riveted on the advancing shark.

He would intercept him. He would give him a meal of himself and so hinder his progress. Thus he would afford time for the sailors to rescue the boy—so the crew thought when they saw him jump from the other end of the vessel toward the approaching monster. One snap of those enormous jaws would cut him in two. Another snap would crunch the remainder of his body. Surely there was no hope for him. But Kala evidently was not alarmed. All alert was he. He seemed to be in his native element. A couple of powerful strokes put him directly in line of the advance of his ferocious antagonist. Swiftly the man-eater glided nearer, immense in his proportions. All on board shuddered with horror at the impending doom of the brave Kanaka.

But just as the monster turned on his back and opened his terrible mouth to crunch him, Kala veered quick as a flash from the line, and, as the momentum of the shark carried him on,



KALA KILLS A SHARK.

with a tremendous stroke he plunged his long knife to the hilt in the monster's belly, drawing it with a long lateral stroke so that the intestines of the shark protruded.

The fierce monster lashed his tail in terrific agony and threw himself partly out of the water, going into frantic contortions, then he dove out of sight.

Kala sank beneath the surface, but in an instant he was up again, and a rod away, spinning around as if on a pivot, sweeping the water with his keen eye for the first signs of his antagonist from whatever quarter in which he might rise. A short distance away the shark reappeared. Getting sight of his foe his powerful flukes fanned the water and he came on slower than before that his momentum might not carry him again beyond the point of attack. Kala fixed his eyes upon him and when he got near became the aggressor. Darting like a flash to the reverse side he thrust his knife into the shark's eye so that it penetrated his brain. Instantly again he plunged down out of sight. The pain of the monster was acute. It was a fatal thrust. Mad-dened and half blinded with pain and rage, the shark lashed the sea for rods into foam. But Kala was well out of harm's way.

Rising to the surface at a distance he looked at the enraged monster, who made one final rush at him. The huge fellow turned on his back as he came tearing up, his mouth yawning, and as he passed Kala his jaws snapped together with a terrific report. Kala, again darting aside, repeated his stroke on the breast and slit him down a yard. It was the final struggle. The shark was dying. With a tremendous sweep of his tail, which midway fell limp, he went down and soon after rolled over on the surface dead.

Kala's comrade, who all the time held the canoe at the right distance to give immediate help should another shark appear, now shot forward. With a light and graceful movement, which hardly disturbed its poise, Kala was in the canoe.

From the decks of the Flying Cloud came vociferous cheers, in which none joined more enthusiastically than the golden-haired boy, dripping all over though he was with the sea brine. He would not permit himself to be taken away from the gunwale after he had been rescued. He must see Kala kill the shark. All of the ship's company viewed the contest with a fearful suspense. He alone was perfectly sure that Kala would conquer.

But another shark appeared on the scene as Kala's canoe came slowly toward the vessel. That dorsal fin, which never projects above the surface of the sea without exciting in the breasts of all sailors who view it the most implacable temper, was seen cutting the mirror gleam of the sea ahead. Bloodthirsty and remorseless to the last degree, the shark is the most terrible object of the mighty deep. Few are the old sailors who have not lost friends or comrades in the frightful jaws of these rapacious monsters. "No quarter" is the watchword of all seamen in the war of extermination on the shark tribe.

But the terror of the sea is so fierce that no seaman wants to take any risks

in the encounter. Though Kala had succeeded in killing the other shark, the men on board did not want him to take any more risks, and they called out:

"Come aboard!" But Kala recalled the tale of their shipmate's recent fate and how they grieved over his loss. He remembered too a dear brother of his who had been seized unexpectedly by one of these monsters and drawn remorselessly into the depths. Even there at the boat's rail he saw the sunny-haired boy who had excited in his heart a mighty love, whose beautiful life had been frightfully imperiled only a moment before.

The mighty man's bosom heaved, and his raven eyes dilated as he gazed on the approaching tiger of the sea. He spoke a few brief words to his comrades. His great form rose for an instant erect. He glanced toward the ship. He called out in thrilling tones "Remember Bill!" (Bill was the name of the man seized by the shark three days before.) The next instant he slid with scarcely a splash into the gleaming brine.

There was a ripple at a distance. He appeared on the surface. The shark saw him. It shot toward him. A thousand sparkles glanced in the sunshine as Kala curved downward out of sight. The shark turned over as it darted along, and the sailors saw a great red gash in its breast, from which the blood fairly spouted. His huge tail churned the brine into milk, and then he sank.

Over in clear water Kala rose to the surface. All on board held their breath, lest they distract Kala's attention. Round he spun again to see the point where the shark would rise. Yonder the shark appeared. He darted toward his wily foe. This time Kala remained on the surface. Marvelous was his agility in the water. Like the rise and fall of a sledgehammer in its velocity, Kala swung away from and back toward the monster, plunging his long knife into its side, below the head, and touching the spine. For, as always to seize its prey, the shark turned on its back as it approached. Infuriated to the last degree it swung round and round. Instantaneously Kala had sunk and darted out of harm's way.

When the shark returned to the attack Kala missed the nicety of his usual reckoning. He seemed at the shark's mercy. His left arm got into the great month. The jaws came down, but the stick in the left hand was upright and prevented them closing. The huge monster was getting sluggish from want of blood. Kala's peril had its advantage, which he instantly seized. He was closer to the shark than he had been, and quick as thought he plunged his knife into its very heart.

It was enough for one battle in the water. He would now take a rest. He slipped back into his canoe as the monster stretched out dead on the surface.

A perfect salvo of cheers greeted him, and kept resounding over the waters as he glided up and was received on deck. With hearty thanks the captain met him, tears gleaming in his honest eye, as he held his boy in his arms. The blue-eyed boy reached out his arms and embraced the powerful Kala, who bore it all meekly as a child, the greetings affecting him to tears.

The sailors hauled the floating carcasses to the side of the ship and found the first shark to measure twenty-four feet in length, and the second eighteen feet.

The crew felt that the death of their mate had been avenged.

The morning brought a stiff blow. When the Flying Cloud, not long after this, dropped anchor in Portland's harbor, Kala's reception in America made him forget that he was far from home, in a foreign land and among strangers.

Willie, with his sun-tinted hair and ocean-tinted eyes, insists that his stalwart friend, with night-tinted cheeks, is a greater man than the president.—Chicago Tribune.

All He Guarantees to Do.

The cleverness of the waiters who stand at the doors of the dining-rooms of the large hotels in charge of the hats which are left outside by the guests is very striking. Some of them perform really wonderful feats of memory in the way of identifying the hat of each person, although they often do not see the guest more than once, and that for only the instant when he pauses to leave his hat behind him as he enters.

At a hotel on the Maine coast is a dandy who is famous among the guests for never making a mistake, although sometimes the guests have tried to puzzle him by going in in groups and by wearing hats which he has never seen. One day one of the boarders talked with him about his power and the waiter said that he had acquired it by long practice.

"And do you never make mistakes?" the gentleman inquired.

"No, sah; I don't cal'late to make no mistakes," was the answer.

"And do you give every man his own hat?"

"Oh, sah," returned the waiter, "tain't none o' my bus'ness whose the hat am. I gibes to ebery man the hat he gibes to me."—Boston Courier.

"I understand that some astronomer says he saw foive moons around Jupiter." "Yis, Mrs. McManus. There's niver any tellin' where impturience is goin' to show itself next."—Washington Star.

AN INVASION OF ICE.

Huge Glaciers from Scandinavia Landed on the British Isles.

Recent investigation of the geological history of England has brought out into very clear light some of the wonderful scenes of the glacial epoch. Geologists long thought that there were indications in the north of England of two successive invasions of the ice, between which the land had been depressed some 1,500 or 2,000 feet, so that the sea flowed deep above it.

But later research has led G. R. Wright and other geologists to the conclusion that there was no such depression of land in England, and that the marine shells found high on the hills were carried there by the ice as it advanced across the country in the great ice age.

From Scandinavia huge glaciers, advancing straight across the shallow North sea, had reached England at Flamborough Head. Down from the highlands of Scotland another resistless column of glaciers was advancing to join the first, burying hills and valleys deep under the ice. Other glaciers pushed out on all sides from the mountains of northern Wales.

From southwestern Scotland and across the Irish sea came a still mightier stream of ice. That rich and beautiful country, which so delights the eyes of the traveler to-day and upon whose bosom rest so many prosperous towns and cities, lay buried under a vast frozen sheet.

In the meantime all forms of life that loved the sun had retreated before the oncoming ice, while Arctic species came to take their places, and so it happened that the Irish sea was filled with the shells of different species of animals mingled together. As the ice advanced it pushed many of these shells before it over the land and left them when it melted away as a token to future ages of the wonderful work it had done.—Pearson's Weekly.

MARRIAGE ON HIGH-SEAS.

The Old Practice of Captains Performing the Ceremony Is Illegal.

"The silly ninny who run off to sea in tugboats to be married will some day be brought to grief in a way they least expect," was the remark made by a prominent lawyer, who was discussing with a friend the legality of such marriages. "Under the laws of this state," he said, "such marriages are not recognized as valid. Unless the parties have a marriage license in due form and the ceremony performed by a regular preacher of the Gospel or by some civil magistrate authorized by the law to solemnize marriages, the contract is no good. The people who live together after being married by the captain of a vessel are simply concubines, and the issues of such alliances are illegitimate. If either of the parties were to marry again in the regular way neither could be convicted of bigamy."

An old sea captain was asked what he thought about the matter. He replied that while it has been a practice from time immemorial for captains to assume the right to marry couples at sea, he was fully convinced that no such authority had ever been conferred upon sea captains, still less upon navigators of steam tugs and other coast-wise sailing craft. The question is being agitated of passing a federal or state law imposing severe penalties upon masters of tugboats, yachts and other vessels attempting to solemnize the marriage ceremony three leagues or more from shore.—San Francisco Call.

THE QUICKEST DEATH.

An Electric Current Does the Work in the Merest Fraction of Time.

In order to prove that an electric death must necessarily be instantaneous, consider two simple facts. The speed of the electric current, approximately, is about one hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles per second, or, in other words, start a current at any given point, and (under the most favorable circumstances) while the clock ticks, once, the current will have made seven and one-half complete circuits of earth. Think of that.

On the other hand, it is now generally conceded that sensation, muscular sensation, travels only about two hundred feet per second.

Suppose, then, that the death-dealing current were applied at the tips of the fingers; while the muscular sensation responsive to the shock traveled two feet, the electric current would have moved at the rate of nearly two thousand miles.

In other words, there would be no return of the muscular sensation, for the death-dealing current would so many hundred times outstrip the swiftness of the muscular sensation that the latter would never be recorded. To die an electric death is to be hurled into eternity even more swiftly than the twinkle of an eye.—Yankee Blade.

—It has been decided by the French minister of public instruction to preserve as a museum Jeanne Darc's home in Domremi, and to illustrate in it her history. It will contain models of the statues erected to her memory, copies of paintings showing scenes in her life, and sketches of the picture of her in the Pantheon.

—It Looked Easy.—"Papa," said Willie, on his first day in the mountains. "I want a cloud." "You can't get a cloud, my boy." "Yes, you can, papa. There's one up on that mountain now and you can go up and tie a rope to it and lead it down; oh, awful easy."—Harper's Young People.